

RURAL REPOSITORY,

A Semi-monthly Journal, Devoted to Polite Literature;

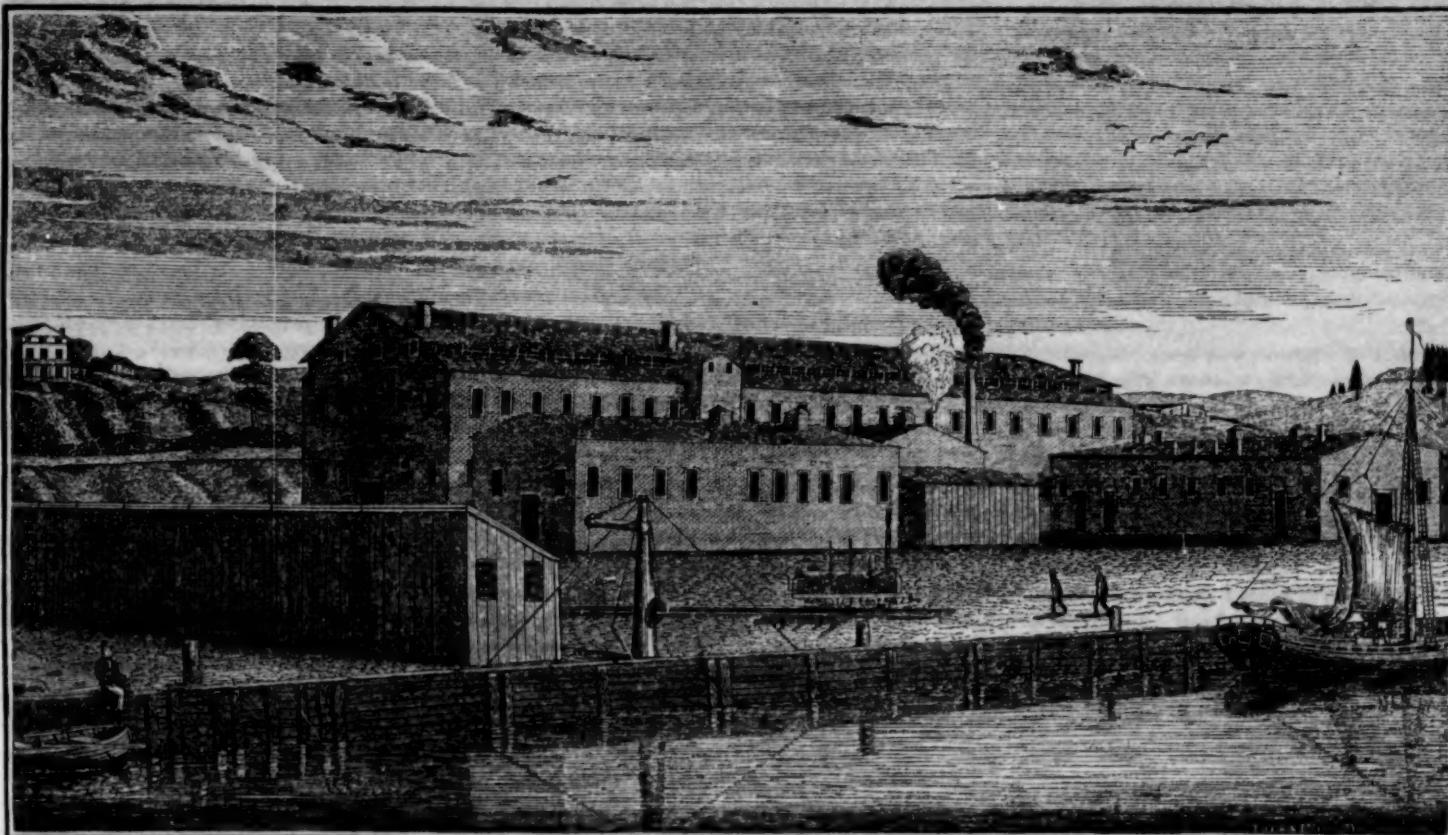
Such as Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. &c.

VOLUME XVII.

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POUGHKEEPSIE LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE WORKS.



These works are situated on the east bank of the Hudson River, in the village of Poughkeepsie, equi-distant from New-York and Albany. They are calculated for the manufacture of Rail-Road Machinery generally, and are amongst the most extensive of the kind in America, being capable of producing from forty to fifty Locomotive Engines with their Tenders annually. The several buildings appropriated to the different branches, are very spacious, the Machinery uncommonly extensive and appropriate, and the arrangements it is confidently believed, are in all respects, such as to afford facilities which are unsurpassed by any other similar establishment in America or in Europe, for the rapid and successful execution of all orders in their line.

With an establishment thus extensive and perfect in its machinery and arrangements, with science and mechanical skill of the highest order to conduct the processes, the Company offer their services to build Engines and Tenders to order, either from drawings furnished, or from the most approved patterns, which they will warrant to be second to none in the world, either in performance, finish, mechanical execution, or adaptation to the road on which they are to run.

The "Yankee" for the Boston and Worcester Rail-Road, and the "Boston" for the Columbia Road, Penn. the first two Locomotive Engines produced in the New England states, were constructed by the engineer of these works. The efficiency and durability of these engines is proverbial.

Two Engines are now completed, one of which the Long Island Rail-Road Company have generously consented to allow to be exhibited on their road, where it has been undergoing a thorough practical trial at different times for about four months.

The Company have testimonials of the character and performance of their Engines, from gentlemen of high standing in their profession.

The following gentlemen are Directors of the Company—N. P. TALLMADGE, THOMAS W. HARVEY, HENRY IBBOTSON, WALTER CUNNINGHAM, H. F. TALLMADGE, PARACLET POTTER, HIRAM VELTMAN.

The Company are now ready to receive orders, and to execute them promptly. Applications may be addressed to R. M. BOUTON, Engineer, at the Works, or to H. F. TALLMADGE, Agent, New-York.

SELECT TALES.

From the Philadelphia Visitor.

THE MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER IX.

Oliver. WHAT, boy?

Orlando. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oliver. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orlando. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue.—*As You Like it.*

So—my sister was married! and to Fleming!—the result which I had so much dreaded, and purposed so strenuously to prevent, had taken place. Whose was the fault? To my brother I attributed it, but apportioned to myself no little censure. He had plotted all, had brought about the marriage—but I—had I not neglected it, might doubtless, as I thought, have been instrumental in avoiding it.

With not very pleasant feelings in consequence, the next morning I started back for Barry Place, where I arrived at about 10 o'clock, having upon

the preceding afternoon obtained from my sister a promise that she would write to me in the course of a day or two. Driving up the carriage-way towards the mansion, I noticed a barouche and two horses standing before the door. It struck me at once that it resembled my brother's, and upon entering the house, sure enough, I encountered Lewis in the hall putting on his hat and just leaving. The question at once occurred to me, "why is he here?"

"Ah, George—returned, hey," cried he, with his usual pleasantness and brevity of sentences—"love has brought you back I suppose. Fine place this—a noble building—quite a romantic spot—nature and art tastefully combined—just the place to make love in—puts me in mind of Miss Goldfinch's estate—fool I was I didn't marry her. Lucky fellow you are: good bye—shall not see you again soon—good bye—I'm in a hurry. So saying, before I could find time to reply he was off.

I entered the room of reception, where I met Mr. Barry: as I opened the door I discovered him seated at a table, leaning abstractedly upon his elbow with an open letter lying before him. He appeared extremely delighted to see me—unusually so, I thought, considering the time I had been absent—and hastily rising advanced to take my hand. "George, I am glad to see you—welcome again to the house where, since its owner has known you, you have never been otherwise."

"And Louisa—?"

"Is well," he answered, anticipating my question. "Your brother has but this moment left—did you meet him?"

"Yes, and was surprised to see him here," I answered.

"This," said he, pushing towards me the letter—"this will explain."

I took it up and read as follows:

8 o'clock, A. M. Aug. 7, 1831.

"Sir—I am creditably informed that you have lately given utterance to that which is derogatory to my character. The present and the past therefore compel me to demand of you that reparation which in similar cases is never honorably withheld by the aggressor. You have been the means by which a report is in circulation that I am—what?—that despicable being, a confirmed gamester!—And when I refer to the past, you unquestionably must be aware of my meaning. My sister, sir—she that was, but is no more! In having been the author of this calumny, you have added insult to injury.

"My friend, Mr. L. Garrison, will act as my second. He may be addressed or seen at the sign of the Cross Keys, Bristol.

"I hope that the communication will be attended to without delay.

ARTHUR FLEMING."

"So—a challenge I perceive," said I, returning him the letter. "Will you accept it?"

"No—" he replied—"consistently with my principles I cannot. The fatal affair between Hamilton and Burr, at an early age implanted in my breast a feeling of repugnance against the practice of duelling. You have there," pointing to the letter, "your brother's address, and you will please—as a favor I ask it—communicate to

him my refusal of Mr. Fleming's challenge. They may apply the epithets of cowardice—but I care not; such an application has no terrors for me. Strong in the citadel of a good conscience, and enjoying that dearest of earthly blessings, peace of mind, I have no wish to risk the chance of depriving another of life, and inflicting upon myself the tortures of remorse."

Here we were interrupted by the entrance of Louisa, who had heard from the servants of my arrival.

Mr. Barry left the room. He had been a lover himself in his lifetime, and knew well enough that the presence of a third person is not necessary when after an absence, however short it may have been, a meeting takes place between two whose hearts are united!

So then, Mr. Barry had received a challenge from Fleming! Here was already the disagreeable consequence which, a moment after I had mentioned Mr. Barry's name to my brother in our interview, I had a vague presentiment of. Lewis must have immediately apprised Fleming of that which he had learned from me, and their going to the city had merely been a feint to cover another intention.

As soon therefore as Louisa and I separated to dress for dinner, I hastened to Mr. Barry and promptly communicated to him the interview with my brother which had taken place and the cause of my inadvertently mentioning his name. "This," said I, "has doubtless been the origin of your being challenged, and upon me should rest the consequences."

"It matters not—you did right."

"It was a breach of the promise of secrecy which I had given you."

"It can scarcely be called so. Your intention was commendable. You are mistaken however, in considering it so serious an affair as you do. What I have said I am willing and able to answer for; let him demand a rational explanation and he shall have it; but to such a precipitate movement as this—challenging me to fight a duel with him—I shall pay no farther attention than merely returning a refusal."

Dinner was announced, and our further conversation interrupted. At the table Louisa appeared in high spirits—handsome as ever, and even more lovely; and a painful throb agitated my bosom as I contrasted the happiness of her existence with my sister's now blighted prospects. Poor Ellen! it was with difficulty at the moment that I restrained the tears which were ready to start from my eyes. I was thoughtful—sad—speak but little; and doubtless appeared, as Louisa observed, "very dull."

As soon as dinner was over I gave orders to Jerome, who got the chaise ready, and agreeable to the request of Mr. Barry I drove over to Bristol—two miles distant—in order to communicate to my brother his non-acceptance of Arthur Fleming's challenge. I inquired for him, as Fleming's note directed, at the "Cross Keys," and was shown into an apartment where he and Fleming were together—my brother at a table writing; the other stretched at length upon a sofa, reading. To the latter's silent nod of recognition I returned a slight inclination of the head, then called Lewis aside and at the other

end of the room communicated Mr. Barry's refusal to him. He sneered and turning round advanced to his companion who was still extended upon the sofa—they whispered, and I noticed a similar contemptuous smile upon the features of the latter.

"So," said my brother aloud, addressing his words to me with an air of superciliousness, that was any thing but agreeable—"so your father-in-law that is to be, is villain enough to seduce a man's sister, to add insult to injury besides—but, as it seems, is not man enough to render an honorable satisfaction when called upon."

"He is both willing and able to answer for anything that he has said or done," I replied with an equal tone of confidence and with as haughty a deportment.

"He is—does he say so?"

"He does."

"Why not do it then? Why has he not done it before this?" cried Lewis, promptly—"why circulate a report of such a derogatory nature? why equivocate in regard to the certificate of marriage? Why? Because he dreads the truth, he fears the consequence, and to screen himself has uttered falsehood upon falsehood—or, in words more expressive, he is a liar!"

"Brother—" with that quick and energetic articulation natural to a sudden emotion, I exclaimed—"but," I continued, checking my first impulse, "you are my brother."

"Well—and if I were not—what then?" with a look of defiance, he retorted.

It required all my exertions of self-command to brook this tumult—but I did brook it, and for a moment there was a pause of embarrassment.

"The charge," I calmly replied, "which has been preferred against Mr. Barry is erroneous."

"Erroneous!" echoed Fleming, who now rose from his incumbent position upon the sofa, and tossed aside the volume he had been reading.

"Yes," was my reply, "I have good reason, sir, to believe that you are laboring altogether under the difficulty of false impressions."

"I differ with you, sir," he sarcastically responded. "Laboring under false impressions did you say?"

"Yes," I returned, determined not to lose the command of my feelings—"yes, and you are now endeavoring to injure him who has never done you wrong, nor as much as thrown a straw in your way."

"Were I so disposed I could convince you to the contrary," he replied—"at least I think I could—but perhaps you are resolved not to be convinced, and in that case my effort would prove abortive."

"No, sir, I am not so unreasonable as you are willing to suppose I am. You measure my grain by your bushel."

"It's a matter however that is not worth getting angry about," observed my brother, pretending to desire harmony.

"I am not angry," said I.

"You are at least excited," he continued.

"No," I answered—"not excited, but bold in the cause of virtue."

"Virtue?" exclaimed Fleming, turning upon his heel—"Virtue indeed!"

"And pray, sir," asked Lewis, "whose virtues

are we to consider you the champion of—Mr. Barry's or your own?"

"Of either," was my prompt reply—"when either is assailed I am ready to defend."

This answer, as was evident by their reciprocal glances towards each other, surprised them. Fleming rallied however. "Since you are the champion for the honor of both," said he, "I presume that Mr. Barry is not capable of defending his own, or else is willing to let another take the trouble off his hands."

"Ay, you suppose so—' suspicion always haunts the guilty mind.'"

"You are insolent."

"No, not insolent; yet not afraid to breathe my thoughts."

He compressed his lips, and my brother's countenance instantly assumed an aspect dark as an approaching thunder-storm. The fearful passions of each of us were ready to burst forth. A spark of fire applied to a train of sufficient gunpowder will in a moment destroy a whole city—it was so with us; our bosoms were already inflammable, and it required but another word of provocation to rouse within us the fires of volcanic passions. Nor was that word a moment wanting. In answer to some further remarks of mine in vindication of Mr. Barry's character, my brother retorted with the monosyllable, "False!"

"False!" I echoed, swelling with rage—"false?"

He was equally enraged; his face like scarlet. "False, yes—'tis a lie," he continued.

As the hungry tiger leaps upon his prey, I bounded forward, and grasped his throat! Fierce almost as the tiger's thirst for blood, was my desire of retaliation. All at once like the nausea of bad digestion, the gall-like feeling rose within my heart. Since our boyish contentions, I had harbored no malice against him, but in an instant, like a magical delusion, old antipathies revived, and long slumbering passions awoke.

"For God's sake, hold—you are brothers!" cried Fleming, seizing me by the arm. I heard his words, and felt his grasp, but did not relinquish mine. My brother grew black in the face—I saw it—but still held on to him; he gasped for breath—struggled—and would have perished beneath my hand, but for a gigantic effort of Fleming's strength, who separated us; I fell back upon the floor with the violence of the jerk—my coat half torn off my back—and Lewis reeled towards the sofa upon which he sunk exhausted.

By the time I had raised to my feet again, and fairly come to my senses—for I had been wild, bewildered with passion—the room was half filled with spectators, among which was my valet Jerome. He immediately sympathised with me, and planted himself at my side with clenched fists, zealously ready to do battle with any one in my behalf, and equally reckless from whence the point of attack, or what the number to contend with.

My brother having somewhat revived, fixed his eyes upon me with the look of a demon. Fleming was assiduously bathing his temples, and urging him persuasively to drink of the wine which he presented to his lips. I stood with folded arms, gazing upon the scene, determined to wait until Lewis spoke.

To Fleming who had evidently rescued me from

committing that fearful deed which caused the Omnipotent to set his mark upon Cain, I felt a sensation of gratitude. Yes, one moment more, and Lewis would have been choked to death—and I—I shuddered at the thought, would have been guilty of that crime which "hath the primal, eldest curse upon it—a brother's murder!" Had the case been reversed—had my brother's grasp been fixed upon my throat, would Fleming have interfered? it is but charitable to suppose that he would.

The servants, lodgers, visitors, loungers, landlord and landlady, maids, laundresses, cooks, &c. who had one after another rushed into the room upon hearing the noise of the scuffle, getting no answer to their inquiries from either Fleming or myself, and perceiving that the fracas was over, retired, and again left the room to the three of us.

As for Fleming, he was a riddle, I could not solve. "I am sorry—indeed sorry," said he, speaking to me in a low voice, and with a look of sincerity that I could not believe feigned. "It will, I fear, create disagreeable feelings between your brother and you."

"No sir; it cannot create—it has but revived. Such feelings are by no means new to me;—we have long been foes to each other—at least he has to me."

"Foes!" he repeated; "brothers and foes to each other?"

"Yes; but why be surprised? of what interest can it be to you whether we are friends or foes?"

"Much—I have an interest in your family which you know not of."

"Indeed!" I ejaculated—"and that which I do not know, is the fact that you (unfortunately) are my brother-in-law."

He started—"Then Ellen has told you of our marriage?"

"Yes—poor girl—with tears in her eyes."

"With tears in her eyes, say you? Alas! why should *she* weep?" he uttered with feeling.

"What caused her tears?"

I was about to return a cutting answer, but upon second thought desisted—my own feelings would not permit me to hurt another's. At this moment, too, Lewis sat up and asked for a glass of water. Fleming poured it out and handed it to him. His eyes were again fixed fiercely upon me, and in a moment he sprang forward, as I had done, to clutch me: I avoided him—and he reeled against the wall, pale and exhausted with the violence of his passions, and would have fallen prostrate upon the floor, but for the support of Fleming, who perceiving his situation, promptly flew to his aid.

"Nay, why is this?" exclaimed the latter—

"For God's sake, Lewis, restrain your passions or they will be the death of you. This is not courage—'tis madness!"

It was an awful moment. While Fleming dragged him towards the sofa, his mouth foamed, and I could fairly hear the grit of his teeth against each other! I trembled, not with fear, but with astonishment. The light blood rushed through my heart, and a cold shudder crept through my veins. "Damn him! curse him! damn him!" I heard him mutter, with a smothered, but fiendish emphatic tone.

Seizing my hat, and rushing from the apart-

ment, I hurried to the bar-room and hastily swallowed a large draught of brandy and water. A feeling of desperation seemed to pervade my bosom—a reckless dare-devil spirit. In fact, I believe, at the moment, I was half-crazed. Descending the steps, I leaped into the chaise, and bade Jerome drive back again as fast as he could. Obedient to the word, he applied the lash smartly to his horses' flanks, and by the time we reached Barry Place they were reeking and white with foam.

CHAPTER X.

"The plot thickens."—*Red Gauntlet*.

Louisa was promenading the tasseled marble of the piazza in front of the house—and, as the reader will readily expect, she was not a little surprised to witness the speed with which I drove, or rather dashed, up the carriage way.

"What's the matter, George?—why do you come in such haste? what tidings? speak!"

"I have no tidings to communicate," I answered, giddily springing from the chaise—and should certainly have swooned to the earth had she not with woman's instinctiveness upheld me in her embrace.

"Alas, love, how pale you are—you are ill!" she uttered with a tone of affectionate interest.

"Your eyes have lost their natural look—you are sick, I know you are: Lean on me: Come in—come in."

I was indeed sick at the moment—sick at heart: the effect of the brandy, which had, during the drive, kept me excited, all at once left me, and rendered me even more dispirited than I would have been had I not drank it. My brain grew dizzy, my head seemed to whirl like a vortex, round and round, and my eyes were so heavy that it was next to impossible for me to keep them open. The use of my limbs, too, almost entirely deserted me, but with the support of Louisa, I tottered into the house, and sinking upon the nearest ottoman, I was for a while completely lost to consciousness. When I revived, Louisa was bending over me—in her eyes the tear-drop trembled—they were fixed upon mine, and I saw that a smile of hope, inexpressibly tender, irradiated her beautiful countenance when I unclosed mine.

"You are better now," she timidly remarked, "your cheeks have resumed their natural hue, and your eyes—do not think I flatter—are again restored to their usual brilliancy and expression." As she spoke, she leaned her cheek upon mine, and the kiss of that moment—oh! the delightful sensation—words, mere words, are too feeble to express it. "Say—will you not?"—she continued—"will you not reveal the cause of this agitation?"

"Agitation?"

"Yes—will you not tell it to—to—" and she hesitated—"to me—to one who loves you as I do!—will you not? It seems as if you did not fully know my heart."

"Your heart!" I mechanically repeated, lost in thought.

"No," she exclaimed, "not mine, but yours. I no longer possess a heart. This on which my hand repose, throbs only for you—for *you*; not one pulsation for myself. My being blends with yours."

I strained her to my bosom, that affectionate girl, and "my own, my own, Louisa!"—I murmured fondly.

"Yours—yes, only yours," she impressively exclaimed, gazing up into my face with a look of winning tenderness. "Come, come, why this mystery? Do you love me?"

"Do I love you!—do I breathe?"

"Then why this secrecy?"

"Secrecy?"

"Yes—you are not open with me; you do not place that degree of confidence in me that I naturally expect." And again her eyes looked up into mine—she wound her arm affectionately round my neck, imprinted on my feverish lips the innocent kiss of love, and the tone of her voice was so irresistibly persuasive—that I yielded implicitly to the soft enchantment, and was—how could I help it?—ready to answer any question that she might ask—willing to disclose all I knew.

"Little experience in the world as I have had," she continued, "I have notwithstanding learned enough to know, that the nature of your present indisposition is neither bodily sickness nor pain altogether, but the natural consequence of an overwhelming mental anxiety."

"It is as you say," I responded; it is indeed the result of mental anxiety. My brother—"

"Your brother! what of him?"

Without further prelude, I related to her the occurrence which I have just described to the reader, as having taken place between Lewis, Fleming and myself: Having related it, I was consequently obliged to enter into a detail of the causes which had led to such a result; the challenge, and the cause of the challenge, were necessarily included, as well as the scene I had witnessed at the death of Mrs. Fleming; this led to the disclosure of facts in regard to herself; and, as one after another I divulged them, unutterable was her astonishment! Word for word, as I received them from Mr. Barry, I recounted to her the story of her birth.

"Is it possible! is it possible!" she almost breathlessly repeated—"and he is *not* my father?"

"Yes," I responded, "he *is* your father. Though your existence springs not from him, he has been to you, and still is a devoted father."

"More—much more!" rejoined the wondering girl; "never could parent be more kind, more anxious for the happiness and welfare of his child. This then—his visits to the bedside of his mother-in-law—satisfactorily accounts for his nightly absence from his home and fireside last winter. I remember well how incessantly I thought upon it, and now I know how frequently in thought I have wronged him. I can, however, offer as an extenuation for myself, the plea, that his conduct was mysterious, which it certainly was, and it is a rule, that mystery implies guilt—though in this instance it has not resulted so."

"There are exceptions in all things," I rejoined, and after a pause of thought—

"My name," said she, "is no longer Barry then, but Boyd."

"Yes; Boyd was the family name of your father!" I answered, "but you have so long been known by the name of your guardian, and been considered his daughter, that it will now be useless to assume your name until—"

"Well—until when? why do you hesitate?" she archly inquired.

"Until," said I, in an undertone, half bashful and half afraid to utter it—"until you change it by marriage to mine."

"Ah ha!" she laughingly exclaimed, "I expected that would conclude your sentence. But if you desire it, I am content that it be so."

"Besides," said I, "it was under an injunction of secrecy that I was made acquainted with the fact. I gave my promise not to speak of it to you."

"You did—then why did you violate your promise?"

"Simply because I love you! For some time past, I have noticed that concealment, like a worm in the bud, (as Shakspeare has it,) feeds on your damask cheek. With that keenness of penetration so natural to your sex in such matters, you discovered that there existed between Mr. Barry and myself a mystery which you desired to know the secret of. The anxiety which it caused you, kept you in a continued state of agitation, and I could plainly perceive, that unless its slow but sure progress was stopped, its effects would inevitably be alarmingly deleterious. Frequently was I upon the point of disclosing all to you, but the promise I had given kept me in awe, and—"

Here our conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Barry, to whom I immediately communicated the manner of my reception at the hotel, and the scuffle that took place there.

"I am sorry," said he, "that in rendering me an obligation of so peculiar a nature, you should have been subjected to such unpleasant treatment from your brother. Fleming, you say, interfered, and, as you think, was the preserver of your brother's life?"

"Yes," was my reply, "and, notwithstanding how I otherwise may feel towards him, for that act I am deeply grateful. Had he not interposed as promptly as he did, I am confident Lewis would have been strangled by me, and I should have been—"

"Mention it not," Mr. Barry exclaimed with an averted look—"the very thought makes me shudder! What slaves of circumstance we are!"

Our conversation continued, and I wished to inform him of what had transpired between Louisa and myself, and several times was I determined to break the subject, but, notwithstanding I did not feel myself capable—had my life depended upon it, I was unable to effect it, and in the midst of my effortless determinations we were summoned to the supper table.

The next day, at about two o'clock, having alighted from a drive with Louisa, a servant placed into my hands the following from my sister:—

"DEAR BROTHER—From my interview with you, I have hastened to my chamber, there to vent in tears the feelings that are too overpowering longer to stifle. How natural is the desire of sympathy; sorrow is heavy, but, if participated we feel but half its weight. In my feelings, what a sudden change has been wrought!—Yesterday I was happy as the little bird that chirps its melody upon the window seat, but to-day, I am—wretched!—yes, miserable!—Oh break,

my heart!—poor bankrupt, break at once!" exclaims Juliet in the intensity of her grief, and with equal emphasis and truth can I repeat it. Is it possible that Arthur is the man you have described him to be? And again with Juliet can I exclaim, "Oh, that deceit should dwell in such a gorgeous palace!"

"After the conversation which this afternoon took place between us, it devolves upon me, as a duty, to be candid. In whom but you can I now confide? My husband is no longer worthy of confidence. Since my first introduction to Arthur, eight months ago, I have not been more than a third of the time intimate with him. You of course, recollect the first time he dined with our family; I then took notice how coolly you conducted yourself towards him, but knew not the reason you had for doing so, nor had I any grounds whatever to conjecture upon. That passed by; at that period I thought no more of him than any other visitor who might chance to be introduced to the family. I saw that his manners were those of a gentleman, that his face was rather handsome and prepossessing than otherwise, but I then perceived none of that personal beauty and depth of mind which I have since discovered that he possesses—or which, as is perhaps the case, the partiality of my judgment awarded him;—we are apt to think as we wish. Lewis, as you must have observed, paid the utmost deference to him on the occasion, and was particularly assiduous in leading his friend and myself into conversation. Time after time, subsequent to this, he visited the house; he eventually paid his attention more especially to myself; his manners began to interest, and imperceptibly he won my affections. Occupied with your own *affaire du cœur*, you were so much absent from home, that you seldom met him, and to that I attribute much of my misfortune. Had you been an observer, an eye-witness, you doubtless would have nipped the growth of my attachment in its bud, and I should have been spared the hopeless forebodings that at present render me wretched.

"Lewis reported him to be rich, which with my parents weighed much in the scale of their opinion, backed by the zeal of my brother; the good-will of them, together with his own powers of pleasing, is it to be wondered that he proved a thriving suitor—or, under such circumstances am I to blame?

"Three weeks ago we were privately married. I gave my promise at the time not to divulge the secret until it should be his pleasure—but alas! how vain are promises like these! our feelings are not always under our control, and in a moment of sorrow I unconsciously betrayed it to you.

"And now what's to be done? Advise me—protect me! you are my brother!"

"Your affectionate, sorrowful,

ELLEN."

"My poor, poor sister!" I sighed, as I threw down the letter upon the table and gave vent to a flood of tears. "Alas, that one so gentle, kind and angel-like, should meet with such a fate!" These, and similar reflections passed rapidly through the crucible of thought, and oh! the anguish of that moment!—I could but accuse myself, and keen was the pang of self-reproach.

Taking a pen and paper, I sat about writing, more to pass away the time than any other consideration, wrote a letter to Ellen, in which, among other matters, I detailed the occurrence at the "Cross Keys."

By the time I had finished, dinner was announced. At the table, I took the opportunity of informing Mr. Barry and Louisa of my relationship to Fleming. "Married—what is your sister married?" exclaimed Louisa.

"Yes," was my monosyllabical reply.

"Married—married to Fleming?" half-asked, half-echoed Mr. Barry.

"Yes—unfortunately"—I rejoined.

"Unfortunately, indeed," he responded, with a voice of commiseration; "unfortunate I fear."

As I expected it would, this disclosure deeply interested Mr. Barry—it seemed as if he could scarcely credit it; to use his own words, it seemed like a dream to him.

Two days subsequent to the receipt of this letter from my sister, I received another from her in answer to the one I sent. To her second letter was the following postscript:

"Arthur and Lewis have not yet returned. Where do you think they are? Write me immediately, if you know, or hear anything of their movements."

* * * * *

The weather had now considerably changed—but in the middle States, particularly in Pennsylvania, for it to be excessively warm one day, and in less than twenty-four hours cool enough to render a coal fire comfortable, is by no means a novelty. It was much cooler—one of these sudden changes had taken place—and the inmates of Barry Place preferred the in-doors of an evening to the open air. That which follows, to the end of the present chapter, is an extract *verbatim* from my journal:

"Louisa and I were sitting together in the drawing-room, Wednesday evening, August _____. Suddenly we were startled by the report of fire-arms and the shivering of glass. "Oh Heavens! my father!" thrillingly shrieked Louisa, her fears instinctively directing her thoughts to him, and simultaneously she and I rushed up the stairs to the library where we had but recently left him. Upon opening the door we discovered Mr. Barry standing pale and agitated with affright. He still held in his hand the book he had been reading, and his gaze—his eyes seemed as if they would start out of his head—was riveted upon the broken shade of an astral lamp, part of which remained while the rest had been shivered into innumerable fragments. In the confused alarm of the moment, he had overturned the chair upon which he had been sitting. His hair seemed to stand on an end, and his whole frame trembled.

"Thank Heaven! you are uninjured!" exclaimed Louisa throwing her arms affectionately round him—it recalled him to consciousness.

"Uninjured I am," he replied—"but miraculously so. The ball whizzed by me—I heard it—within a hair-breadth as it seemed." His nerves, every fibre of which had been tensile and strong, suddenly failed him, a reaction took place, and he sunk exhausted upon the sofa, to which Louisa and I supported him.

Half a dozen of the domestics, who had likewise been alarmed by the report of the rifle, now found their way to the library; I immediately despatched them in search of the offender. Jerome was one of them, who instantly scampered off, taking the lead, in pursuit. In the meantime, I ascertained that a rifle-ball had been fired through one of the casements, cutting a circular hole of half an inch in diameter through the pane of glass, and lodged in the wall opposite, from which I extracted it with my penknife. It had evidently been aimed at Mr. Barry, and miraculous indeed was his escape. The ball had been fired from a position horizontal with the casement, and the library being in the second story of the mansion, the person who discharged the rifle must have been stationed at the moment among the boughs of a large oak that was before the casement, about twenty feet distant, and from its situation, convenient for so direful a purpose.

My suspicions at once rested on Fleming. The incident of the challenge, and the fact of his being in the neighborhood, were, as I thought very conclusive proofs, and I advised Mr. Barry to immediately prosecute him.

"No," said he, "I do not wish to be precipitate—wait a little."

"'Procrastination is the thief of time,'" I observed, quoting a line from Young:

"'Wisely, and slow; they stumble, that run fast,'" he answered, with a quotation from Shakespeare.

In the course of an hour the domestics, one by one, began to return; Jerome last of all. Their search had been ineffectual.

[Concluded in our next.]

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

HAPPINESS.

How often do we hear people exclaiming, "in what a world of sorrows we live," but how few realize the meaning of this expression. Can we call this a sorrowful world when we are sensible that every thing is provided for the happiness of man, that a holy and righteous God deemed necessary? Do we say that this beautiful mechanism, the beauty of which no production of art can equal or imitate, fails to contribute to our happiness? this lovely frame of nature in which all that is admirable and enchanting are combined? does it not exhibit phenomena which have never failed to call forth the aspirations of every cultivated mind? Do we call this world miserable when the great Architect pronounced it good? Look at the regularity and uniformity of all its parts and motions; its wonderful adaptation to the wants and necessities of every individual. Who is so ungrateful as not to acknowledge this? then with this abundant providence why so much murmuring and repining? why are we still complaining of our misfortunes? Let us rather acknowledge the evil to lie within our own bosoms, than reproach the Majesty of Heaven with being the author of our distresses. How many do we see that are continually murmuring at the ways of Providence, still repining and grasping after something beyond them, discontented and unhappy; which evils are the never failing results of a wicked and depraved heart; and it is only because man is wicked that he imputes his misery to Providence. This spirit of discontent may be even carried so far that man will contract such a loathing of life as to lead him to close his earthly career with his own hands. Pleasure has ever been the aim of man, and such is his eagerness to obtain it that often the bitter cup of affliction has been drained to the dregs for the relires of happiness: and when thus disappointed he still cherishes the pleasing anticipation of better days. Bad as the world is, and miserable as many believe it to be, who does not wish to enjoy it? "Let us rather bear the ills of life than fly to those we know not of"—there perchance to look back upon the time spent here as moments of bliss compared to what we then endure. Though we are sensible of much in this world that alloys our happiness, and poisons our pleasures, is there not that which, like "the soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy, is virtue's prize?" Is there not happiness in the domestic circle, in the intercourse of near and dear friends? And what is it but happiness that causes the parent's heart to beat with joy at the prosperity of his child? Is there not pleasure in anticipating the return of dear friends, which will restore parents and children, brothers and sisters? What then do we behold, that is not congenial with our animated spirits? We cast our eyes around and all nature seems to be radiant with smiles; are we not then happy? And with what unalloyed happiness does the Christian resort to his inexhaustible source of enjoyment. If these are moments of bliss, why do we not show our gratitude by acknowledging them? When we reflect upon the different sources of happiness to which we have access, let us examine our own hearts and see if it is not the folly and recklessness of man which has made "countless thousands mourn." Ask the man of virtuous habits—of honesty and uprightness, if he experiences much misery, if his cup of affliction is full, and he will tell you happiness is an attendant upon merit—that he derives his enjoyment from his clear conscience, which is the reward of virtue. On the other hand let us look at those characters who by their wickedness are daily forfeiting the happiness which they might otherwise enjoy, and by their injustice to their fellow creatures are rendering the world unhappy. Look at those persons who undervalue blessings for which the good man is grateful, trace them through the varied scenes of life and see if their conscience is at rest. Observe them when they appear before the public in the garb of virtue, perhaps of religion, still dealing in their wholesale frauds and villainy. Can they be happy? Is it possible for a person to be happy when in open rebellion to the laws of God and man? and when we consider with deep and penetrating thought the great talents and quick perception it must require to form and execute his bold and complicated schemes of vice, no wonder man exclaims, what a world of misery! No wonder we see nation rising against nation, and behold Earth's verdant fields covered with carnage and blood. Doubtless many may continue in their unrighteous career for a time,

trusting to their wiles to extricate them from danger as they plunge in. But oh dark and uncertain! Oblivion how soon wilt thou awake from thy silent dreams and reveal the secrets buried in thee, and mark out those that have depended so much upon thy silence. Nor will that God who knows the secrets of all hearts, suffer the wicked to go unpunished. The culprit may elude the vigilance of man, but he can not escape the reproaches of a guilty conscience. Its poisonous sting will visit him by night as well as by day, until the same snare that he has laid for the innocent and unsuspecting, betrays his purpose, and he is caught in the execution of his fell design. We are endowed with such faculties and perceptions as render us capable of discerning between vice and virtue, and if we choose virtue and yield to its heavenly influence and are guided by its precepts, happy are we; we shall have no reason to repine at the sorrows of earth—our brows will never assume the aspects of guilt, temptations will never cause us to swerve from the path of rectitude, or entangle us with its unholy principles. Thus shall virtue triumph and maintain its victory over all evil temptations. But if sin be our choice and we prefer sowing the seeds of vice and iniquity, we shall reap a lamentable harvest of endless sorrows—then shall we look back with remorse and regret upon our misspent time. In view of all this we cannot cease to regret while blessings are daily conferred upon us which are calculated to render life agreeable, that man makes no better return for such unmerited favors. How necessary then to consider our responsibility for all we enjoy here, and exercise all our powers and faculties in promoting the happiness of our fellow creatures as well as our own. Although our capacities may be limited, yet the one talent may be improved, in such a manner as to promote virtue, and to engender in all the germ of moral philanthropy.

What shall indemnify us for our pains, in thus displaying to the world such noble principles? The satisfaction of having done good: there is nothing beyond such enjoyment. CELIA.

TRAVELING SKETCHES.

From Jones's Naval Sketches.

THE AMERICAN OFFICER'S VISIT TO PORTSMOUTH IN ENGLAND.

On the morning after our arrival, Cowes was filled with our officers, each one with cocked hat and sword or dirk; and what the people, I supposed, like better, with his pockets full of money. Most of us got carriages and drove out to Carisbrook castle. Of this venerable and highly interesting ruin, you will find an excellent description in Prof. Silliman's Journal. It dates its origin in Saxon times, dark stormy times; and it required little effort of the imagination, as we hung over the battlements, to repeople them with mailed and crested warriors; to see the affrighted peasants hurrying in, and their iron-hearted invaders crowding round; to hear then, the cry and din and wild uproar of battle, the shout of exulting victory, and the dead and hollow and stifling curse of those who can do no more. We start—the bee is humming in the thick ivy by

our side, and we feel how the fashion of the world passeth away. We live through centuries, in a few minutes, at such a place. Charles I. was confined at Carisbrook, a short time before his execution: they showed us part of the room, and the window through which he attempted to escape. I do not know what the people thought of us that day; for we were a jolly set, and some of the officers tossed shilling pieces to every poor looking person they saw on their way.

We visited Portsmouth and its harbor: the latter was a beautiful sight, for it was almost literally covered with men of war. It is a noble enemy to cope with. Two one hundred and twenty gun ships had been launched but a few weeks previous, and were then lying side by side receiving their mahogany galleries, gilding and fret work. Among a large number of seventy fours, here are "obscura turba," the Victory, Lord Nelson's ship in the battle of Trafalgar was pointed out to us, and we took the first opportunity to visit it. It is now too old for active service, and is used as a receiving ship, but seems to be kept for little else than show. We found her in excellent order, every part nice and clean. They have marked the spot where Nelson received his death wound, by a brass plate, on which is inscribed his short but memorable speech before the battle, "England expects every man to do his duty." In a small state room of the cockpit, we were shown the spot where he died; he embarked at Portsmouth for his last cruise, and a lofty monument to his memory, has been erected a few miles from the city. Our conductor pointed to a small state room, opening into the cabin, and told us that there he had kept his coffin. It is the fact, that for some years previous to his death, he had always carried his coffin with him. Captain, since Admiral Hallowell, had it made from the wreck of the L'Orient, the French admiral's ship, which blew up at the battle of Aboukir, and probably in a freak of good humor, presented it to his lordship. Nelson accepted it, and had it conveyed to the Vanguard, then his flag ship, where the astonishment of the sailors, when they found it was the admiral's coffin, may well be imagined. "Look out for hot work boys," was the cry, "the admiral has shipped his coffin: we may set about making our wills." He had it placed upright, with the lid on, against the bulkhead of his cabin, just back of his seat at dinner; but was at length prevailed on by the entreaties of an old servant, to suffer it to be carried below. When he removed to the Foudroyant, it was carried with him, and placed on the gratings of the quarter deck, where it remained several days. One day, on coming out, he found his officers around, looking at it: "you may look at it, gentleman," he said, "as long as you please; and depend on it, none of you shall have it."

From the Victory, we went to the king's Yacht, which was close by: it is a magnificent bauble, rich as carving and gilding can make it. The interior is done up in splendid style, and has a small but choice library; they seemed to take great pleasure, in showing us the bed on which his majesty slept, on his late visit to Ireland. I forgot to ask, whether he got sea sick or not: it was on the sea shore at Portsmouth,

that Canute gave or received an useful lesson about kings. Spithead is just outside of the harbor, and was also covered with ships.

It was late at night when we returned. The water was smooth as a mirror, and as bright; a single golden line shot from the bow of our boat and followed us, still bright and glittering, some distance astern. As the oars were lifted up, each seemed to drop a treasure of gems; and the miser counts not his hoarded wealth with half the satisfaction as that, with which I looked upon, mine in sea, sky and air, that night.

"For me, all around, all nature's stores combine.
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine."

MISCELLANY.

THE AGE OF WONDERS: *Or, the Prophet of 1770.*

LET US suppose ourselves carried back sixty years in the stream of time, and to live again, the youthful subjects of the young King George III. Let us likewise imagine that in those days the divine spirit of prophecy had come upon us, unveiling to our sights the events of the future. In seven years from this time the British empire shall be rent in twain (American war in 1776.) In fifteen years men shall rise from the earth and fly through the air (invention of balloons, 1780.) In twenty years the French monarchy, the oldest that ever was, and now so flourishing, shall come to an end. A virtuous prince (Louis XVI, 1793,) not yet king, shall in twenty-three years lay down his life on the scaffold: his wife and sister shall share the same fate. In those same days, news shall travel with the speed of the wind, and what was done at mid-day shall be known at the farthest bounds of the kingdom ere the setting of the sun (the Telegraph, 1801.) In twenty-six years a conqueror shall rise (Bonaparte,) who shall water his horses in the Nile, the Jordan, the Tagus, and the Borythene. This conqueror shall restore the chair of St. Peter, and throw down what he had restored (dethronement of Pius VII.) Finally, he whom the world could not contain, shall die a captive on a rocky island (St. Helena,) neither in Europe, Asia, Africa, nor America, but in the midst of the vast ocean; a few feet of earth his empire, a willow his monument. In those days metals shall be found which float on the water, and burn under it (sodium and potassium, discovered by Sir Humphrey Davy.) Ships shall stem the stormiest ocean without sails or oars (steam ships.) Carriages shall run without horses, with the speed of the wind (locomotive engines.) (The ordinary speed of the wind is 35 miles an hour; that of the engines on the Great Western Railway is 39.) Men shall be conveyed from India to the mighty Babylon in a month; from America in ten days; from one end of England to the other in eight hours. Bridges shall hang by a chain over the sea, while roads shall be made under it (the Menai Bridge and the Thames Tunnel.) The very beasts in those days shall have laws to protect them. Those days shall be days of great light. Men shall plough without horses (steam-plough;) they shall spin without hands (power-loom;) they shall calculate by wheels (Babbage's machine;) the sun shall engrave for them (the

Daguerotype;) they shall write with the lightning (electric telegraph.) One machine shall print in one hour many thousand books, each of which shall take a man many days to read; a man may buy a book for a penny; for a penny he may send it to the ends of the empire. They shall read the rocks instead of a book (geology;) and decipher the history of beings which lived and died ere man existed. In the heavens new stars shall be discovered; some, sisters of the earth; some, brothers of the sun (the planets, five in number, discovered since the American war; and the double stars by Sir William Herschel;) and of all the colors of the rainbow. In those days, likewise, they shall read the Pyramids (Young's and Champollion's discoveries.) They shall find out the mouth of the Niger and the Magnetic Pole; the way to everything shall have been discovered but the way to be happy.—*Phoenix (Edinburgh) newspaper.*

CONSUMPTION.

THERE is a fearfulness in the approach of consumption which strikes awe even into the stoutest heart. With a slow and stealthy step it creeps upon its victim, and the first notice we often have of its coming, is the arrow driven into the heart; while the bloom which we hail as the sweet omen of a long and happy life, is only the signet mark of this insidious foe. Hourly he goes his rounds among the beautiful and young, leaving every where behind him the fearful traces of his visit. While some linger on for years, others wither at once like flowers in an early frost. Helen was not one of those doomed to a prolonged torture. Scarcely six weeks had passed since the first approaches of this fearful conqueror. At first the steps of the destroyer were slow, and she could still linger around her old haunts in the open air—then his strides became quicker, she grew daily weaker, and her failing strength confined her to the limits of the house; and at last feeling that even this was more than she could bear, she was forced to remain in her own little room, only venturing into the hall on a warm, sunny day for a moment, and even then leaning on her parent's arm. Yet, if any thing bowed down her spirit, it was to be thus shut out from the free air of heaven; and when spring came, and the little walk into the hall became an exertion too great for her failing strength, she would ask them to bear her to the open window, that she might see the green fields, hear the murmur of the streams, and gaze again upon that beautiful sky which had been to her so glorious. Oh! how she panted to be once more in the old haunts she loved—to hear the birds sing—to feel the winds upon her cheek, and to look upon all the mysterious workings of nature's wonderful machinery.

"WHAT O'CLOCK IS IT?"

WHEN I was a young lad, my father one day called me to him, that he might teach me to know what o'clock it was. He told me the use of the minute finger and the hour hand, and described to me the figures on the dial plate, until I was pretty perfect in my part.

No sooner was I quite master of this additional knowledge, than I set off scampering to join my

companions at a game of marbles; but my father called me back again. "Stop, William," said he, "I have something more to tell you."

Back again I went, wondering what else I had got to learn, for I thought I knew all about the clock, quite as well as my father did.

"William," said he, "I have taught you to know the time of day, I must teach you how to find out the time of your life."

All this was strange to me, so I waited rather impatiently to hear how my father would explain it, for I wanted sadly to go to my marbles.

"The Bible," said he, "describes the years of a man to be three score and ten, or four score years. Now life is very uncertain, and you may not live a single day longer; but if we divide the four score years of an old man's life into twelve parts, like the dial of a clock, it will allow almost seven years for every figure. When a boy is seven years old, then it is one o'clock of his life; and this is the case with you. When you arrive at fourteen years, it will be two o'clock with you; and when at twenty-one years, it will be three o'clock; at twenty-eight, it will be four o'clock; at thirty-five, it will be five o'clock; at forty-two, it will be six o'clock; at forty-nine, it will be seven o'clock, should it please God thus to spare your life. In this manner you may always know the time of your life, and looking at the clock may perhaps remind you of it. My great grandfather according to this calculation, died at twelve o'clock; my grandfather at eleven, and my father at ten. At what hour you or I shall die, William, is only known to Him to whom all things are known."

Never, since then, have I heard the inquiry, "What o'clock is it?" nor do I think that I have even looked at the face of a clock, without being reminded of the words of my father.

INSTINCT.

In the engagement between Admiral Rodney and Mons. Guichen in the West Indies, a game cock that had been principally fed upon the main deck, and was much caressed by the sailors, immediately after the firing began, flew upon the quarter deck, and took its station between Admiral Rodney and General Vaughan. The feathered hero seemed not only to enjoy the conflict, but endeavored by every means in his power to inspire all within hearing of him with the love of glory; for every five or six minutes, he set up a loud crowing, and continued to strut the deck, and conduct himself in this manner, during the whole engagement. Admiral Rodney pointing to Chanticleer, called out to the general in the heat of the battle, "Look at that fellow, Vaughan. He is an honor to his country."

REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE.—Mr. B. a merchant of Providence, R. I. and a man quite celebrated afterward for his liberality and public spirit, was the owner of a most fortunate privateer which sailed out of the port of Providence. On one occasion, when she had just unshipped a cargo of sugar, &c. taken from a very rich prize, in rolling it into the yard, one of the hogsheads stove, and a quantity of sugar fell out. A poor woman in the neighborhood seeing the disaster, run and filled her apron. Mr. B. from the loft of

his store called out, "What are you doing there?" The poor woman looking up answered, "Privateering, sir." The retort was so forcible, that the merchant immediately made her a present of the entire hogshead.

HOW HALF THE WORLD LIVE.—How half the world live has ever been a mystery to the other half. Some live by their wits—some live on their means, and very queer kind of means they are. Down East they live "all sorts of ways." A traveler in that vicinity lately asked a boy what the people thereabouts did for a living? when the lad replied with more honesty than discretion, "What do we do? why when strangers come here, we skin 'em and when they don't come, we skin one another!"

AN OLD KNIFE.—the Arkansas Star tells a story of an old knife in the possession of a man in that State, which formerly belonged to his grandfather. There had been *four new blades* and *six new handles* put in since it was first used, but it was the same old knife after all.

PATRIOTIC.—"Mother," said an urchin one day in May, "how long is it before 4th of July?" "Six weeks from to-morrow," was the reply.—"I'll be darn'd if I'll wait," says Bob, "give me my crackers and I'll fire 'em now."

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

P. H. Paris Hill, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Stokes, N. Y. \$3.00; P. M. Norway, N. Y. \$3.00; J. B. Cherry Valley, N. Y. \$1.00; S. C. Berlin, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. South Hammond, N. Y. \$1.00; B. R. Glen's Falls, N. Y. \$1.00; W. H. Stockbridge, Ms. \$1.00; N. V. Fulton, N. Y. \$1.00; M. H. Stockport, N. Y. \$1.00; J. P. T. East Smithfield, Pa. \$6.00; P. M. Loudonville, O. \$1.00; G. W. T. Miller's Corners, N. Y. \$1.00; J. E. H. Lenoxville, L. C. \$1.00; J. W. M. Kingston, N. Y. \$1.00; E. M. B. Factory Point, Vt. \$1.00; J. R. Cato 4 Corners, N. Y. \$1.00; W. H. K. Griffin's Mills, N. Y. \$1.00; S. L. B. Adams, Ms. \$1.00; H. B. Lee, Ms. \$1.00; J. H. F. Kennedy's Mills, N. Y. \$1.00; E. S. Charlotte, Mich. \$1.00; H. N. Cincinnatus, N. Y. \$1.00; F. S. Norway, N. Y. \$1.00; S. B. M. Canaan 4 Corners, N. Y. \$1.00; H. J. Tully, N. Y. \$1.00; J. P. Oakfield, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. North Brookfield, N. Y. \$2.00; A. S. Scotchtown, N. Y. \$1.00; W. H. H. Gilbert's Ville, N. Y. \$1.00; O. R. Rockville, N. Y. \$1.00; J. G. Union Springs, N. Y. \$1.00; E. M. S. Sumpterville, S. C. \$1.00; P. M. Norwich, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Van Burenville, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Bristol, N. Y. \$1.00; M. M. Taghkanic, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Linden, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Schuyler Ville, N. Y. \$2.00; N. G. S. Norway, N. Y. \$1.00; G. P. W. Montpelier, Vt. \$1.00; S. C. Schodack Landing, N. Y. \$1.00; N. H. Fredonia, N. Y. \$1.00; F. H. Berlin, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. West Chateaugay, N. Y. \$1.00; G. W. Phoenix, N. Y. \$1.00; C. C. M. Thompson, Ms. \$2.00; J. H. Sandusky, N. Y. \$1.00; H. F. Kinderhook, N. Y. \$2.00; J. L. C. Lanesborough, Pa. \$1.00; N. B. C. Albion, Mich. \$1.00; P. M. Whitney's Point, N. Y. \$2.00; D. F. F. Ogdensburg, N. Y. \$6.00; D. M. F. West Point, N. Y. \$1.00.

Arrived,

At Mellenville, on the 8th inst. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Lathan Hawver to Miss Eliza Proper.

At the same place, by the same, Mr. William H. Rockefeller to Miss Margaret Roseman, all of Taghkanic.

At Claverack, on the 15th inst. by the Rev. R. Shuyter, Mr. Philip H. Kelts to Miss Jane Hovey, of Greenport.

At the same place, on the 19th inst. by the same, Mr. Jasper W. Rogers to Miss Agnes Coventry, of Stockport.

At Canaan, on the 20th inst. by the Rev. H. Spencer, Mr. D. Brainard Douglas, of Lockport, N. Y. to Miss Catharine E. Pease, of the former place.

Die,

In this city, on the 16th inst. John T. son of Samuel Howes, aged 1 year and 8 months.

On the 24th inst. William M. son of A. M. and Eliza Tracy, aged 6 months.

On the 24th inst. Edwin, son of Kilian and Catharine Miller, aged 12 years.

At Columbiaville, on the 15th inst. Elizabeth C. wife of Alexander W. Coventry, in the 25th year of her age.

In Brunswick, Rensselaer Co. on the 18th inst. Gilbert M. P. Myers, son of Robert R. Myers, aged 12 years.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository

From "Philosophy of National Education, by Louise."

"Without a parable spake he not unto them."

Without respect for the authority of "higher powers," there can be no rational instruction which has for its end the permanent happiness of a free people.

Of those higher powers in general, the father of every family is individually, the first representative unto his children.

Ben Ishmael of the dark brow, while striving to implant in the hearts of his children the seeds of truth which were to bring forth fruit unto eternal life; labored also to prevent the ground from being overgrown with the weeds of vanity, and the thorns and thistles of self love and discontent.

He taught them to gather instruction as the daily food of their intellectual life; as the children of Israel gathered daily of the manna in the wilderness.

The daughters of Ben Ishmael were standing beside him one summer morning, when he took an *artificial flower* from the hand of his first born, and related to them a little Jewish tale from the Mishna of the Rabbins: it was a tradition concerning

SOLOMON AND THE QUEEN OF SHEBA.

She came from her own land far away,

The queen of Sheba's bower,

To hear the Hebrew king display

His heavenly gifted powers.

She praised his court so rich and gay,

And blest the prince near him,

To whom was granted every day

The honor to stand and hear him.

Yet doubted if a God unseen

With drew his presence never;

And came, that fair young stranger-queen

With a playful, vain endeavor;

A *wreath* of living blossoms sheen,

And one of art's gay fancies,

To prove if the difference could be seen

By Solomon's sapient glances.

She stood before the ivory throne:

The monarch in all his glory

Had made his riches and splendor known,

And his wisdom's wondrous story;

Yet now a thoughtful shade was thrown

O'er the brows of the Rabbies round him;

They feared that in her flowery zone

The wily queen had bound him.

He worshipped the God of wisdom and love,

And his heart was taught to know him,

And the book of the wonderful heaven above,

And the beautiful earth below him,

Was all unrolled that he might prove

The goodness and truth that made them,

And trust that his word could not remove

While his mercy thus displayed them.

Bright flowers of fragrance rich and rare

Were round his lattice blooming;

And plants from various lands were there,

His palace halls perfuming.

The bees of Canaan's vallies fair

Gathered their honied treasures;

For future use still bore a share

In Solomon's present pleasures.

"Ha! to the vine wreathed lattice bring
Thy garlands, queenly maiden!"
Thus smiling spoke the youthful king:—
The living flowers were laden
With every murmuring busy wing
Which hovered near that minute;
While art's vain imagery of spring
Had not one bee within it!

The Jewish Rabbies laughed aloud,
And much his thought admired;
Before the royal throne they bowed,
While the blushing queen retired;
But never again in her folly proud
Did she tempt the God of heaven;
Or waste for the idly gazing crowd
The talents he had given.
Hudson, August, 1840.

For the Rural Repository.

CHARITY.

This gem of the Gospel—the essence of love,
Is the fairest of graces that comes from above,
From Heaven it descended to cheer the forlorn,
To light up our pathway while here we sojourn.
In truth it rejoices, all good it promotes,
O'er evil it triumphs, to love it provokes;
No envy it harbors, no hatred inspires,
Love kindles its flames and tempers its fires.
Let this be thy portion and nought shall destroy
The peace of thy mind, nor thy footsteps decoy;
Its hopes will sustain thee, and Faith gild the way,
Till Eternity opens in transports of day. M. S.

We should before have informed our readers that the poetic effusions, of which the following is one, have been collected from the various journals, in which they originally appeared, by the bereaved friends of the author, and at their request inserted in our columns.—*Pub. Rep.*

EARLY DAYS.

BY THE LATE WM. S. HOLDEN.

"On! once again who would not be a boy?"—*Byron.*

I sometimes feel a weariness—

A sense of present pain,

When the aching mind turns gladly back

To boyhood's scenes again.

Fond recollections, even yet,

Those spells of memory raise,

And fill the bosom with regret

For life's young careless days.

I used to chase the butterflies

Along from glade to glade,

Till tired, I'd lay me down to sleep,

Beneath the maple's shade.

And dream, of things so beautiful,

And strange, and rich, and wild,

That were it but to dream again,

I wish I were a child.

This changing, heartless world to me,

Was fair! Oh passing fair!

I saw not then, its brightness dimmed

With misery or care.

It seemed to be a pleasant place,

In sooth I thought it so,

Nor deemed its pleasantness would turn

To bitterness and woe.

But time, in passing daily by,

Gave still some new delight;

Above me beamed a glorious sky,

And all around was bright.

Oh days of simple artlessness!

So quickly on the wing!

Then being wore its morning flush,

And joys were in their spring.

But all are gone—those glad bright hours
With visions, brighter yet,
And I have learned a thousand things,
That I would fain forget.

I've lived to learn that life is fraught
With evil, grief, and pain,
And wish, alas! how vainly wish!
Myself a boy again.

THE BRIDE.

BY MISS CATHARINE H. WATERMAN.

She sits beside the easement now,
Her brow is calm and bright,
But visions of her vanished years
Come o'er her spirit's light.

Her eyes look back to other days,
Her thoughts gush freely out,
She wanders in her joy again,
Where the bright waters shout.

She twines the roses playfully
In garlands for her hair,
And her voice pours forth its music,
Upon the free wild air.

She carols in her summer bower,
In answer to her bird,
As erst she did, before her heart,
With deeper love was stirred.

She rose among the budding flowers
That lured her childhood first,
And stands beneath the blooming vine,
Her training fingers nurt.

She gathers all those happy days,
Those long departed years,
Into the memory of an hour,
And waters them with tears.

And like a fledgling half afraid
To trust its untried wing,
Still to its early scenes of home,
Its young affections cling.

So she, the fair and blooming one,
E'en in her bridal bower,
Looks back upon that long tried love,
Thro' many a vanished hour.

The wedded heart however fond,
Still has a sweet regret,
For childhood's sunny scenes of home,
It never can forget.

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